

## Nas "Rewind"

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Listen up gangstas and honeys with ya hair done  
Pull up a chair hon' and put it in the air son  
Dog, whatever they call you, god, just listen  
I spit a story backwards, it starts at the ending

The bullet goes back in the gun  
The bullet hole's closin this chest of a nigga  
Now he back to square one  
Screamin, "Shoot don't please"  
I put my fifth back on my hip  
It's like a VCR rewindin a hit  
He put his hands back on his bitch  
My caravan doors open up  
I jumped back in the van and closed it shut  
Goin reverse, slowly prepared  
My nigga Jungle utters out somethin crazy like, "Go he there"  
Sittin in back of this chair, we hittin the roach  
The smoke goes back in the blunt, the blunt gets bigger in growth  
Jungle unrolls it, put his weed back in the jar  
The blunt turns back into a cigar  
We listen to Stevie, it sounded like heavy metal fans  
Spinnin records backwards of AC/DC  
I give my niggas dap, jump out the van back first  
Back upstairs, took off the black shirt  
I'm in the crib with the phone to my ear  
Listen up so y'all can figure out the poem real clear  
The voice on the phone was like, "Outside right we"  
So with my mouth wide, holdin my heat

Bullets I had plenty to squeeze, plenty for ya  
'Cause Jungle said, "Block your on enemies the"  
Hung up the phone, then the phone rang  
I'm laid in the bed thinkin 'bout this pretty young thing  
Who left, she came back, her clothes just fell to the rug  
She fell to my bed and gave me a hug  
I told her, "No hell"  
She talkin 'bout, "Me kiss"  
Bobbed her head then spit the nut back in my dick  
Started suckin with no hands, a whole lotta spit  
Then got up and put her bra back on her tits

Got fully dressed and told me, "Stressed really I'm"  
Picked up her Gucci bag and left her nigga behind  
Walkin through the door, she rang the bell twice  
I vomited Vodka back in my glass with juice and ice  
The clock went back from three, to two, to one  
And that's about the time the story begun  
That's when I first heard the voicemail on the cell  
It said, "Son we found that nigga we gotta kill"  
*[Message Beep]*  
Ay yo son, ay yo son, you hear me, you hear me?  
Listen man, this dude right on the block, right now,  
man  
I found him, right now, I see him right now!  
Let's kill him)  
*[Message Beep]*  
"Yo, this Nas, leave it. Peace"

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